A RELATION OF THE ROYALL, MAGNIFICENT, AND ſumptuous Entertainement, giuen to the High, and Mighty Princeſſe, *Queene* ANNE, *at the renowned Citie of* Briſtoll, *by the Mayor*, Sheriffes, and Aldermen thereof; in the Moneth of *Iune* laſt paſt, 1613.

TOGETHER WITH, The Oration, Gifts, Triumphes, Water-Combats, and other Showes there made.

LONDON:
Printed for *Iohn Budge*, and are to be ſolde at the great South-doore of *Paules*, and at *Britaines-Burſſe*. 1613.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL,

Abell Kitchin, Mayor; and the VVorshipfull, *Christopher Cary*, and *John Barker*, Sheriffes of the Citty of BRISTOLL; health.

RIght VVorshipfull and VVorshipfuls, considering that the Libraries of the *Greekes* and *Romaines* are plentifully stuffed with the records of their owne atchieuements: whereby they haue not onely preserued their names, but haue also gotten thereby an euerlasting fame vnto all posterities: therefore hauing so fit an occasion to manifest my loue, and so worthy a subiect to expresse my dutie, I haue thought good to tempt your acceptance in this small presentment of her Maiesties royall Entertainment: which although it be not beautified with refined words, nor yet sufficiently adorned with Poetical

tearmes as the worthineſſe of the ſubiect requireth, yet reſting on your fauourable cenſures, and therewithall, deſiring you that euen as the skilfull Geometritian, who at the games of *Olimpus* by the bignes of *Hercules* foot geſsed of the ſtature of his whole body: euen ſo by the outward view of this ſmall treatiſe you would vouchſafe to meaſure the willingnes of mine inward intent, if that my power were correſpondent to my ready heart. I haue therefore aduentured, vnder your fauourable protection, for to lay open vnto the whole world, the truth of this forepaſt Triumph, for three chiefe and eſpeciall cauſes.

Firſt, that ſuch a memorable example of ſincere affection, by true and loyall Subiects expreſſed to their Soueraigne, ſhould not be forgotten. Secondly, that it might be a meane to ſtirre vp all ſucceeding ages in imitation of the like, to ſhew both dutifull obedience, and ready ſeruice, vnto their gracious Prince. Thirdly, and laſtly, that it might ſtop the ſlanderous mouthes of backe-biting and detracting Sichophants, who by ſecret Libels or open raylings oppoſe themſelues alwayes againſt the truth: enuying all thoſe by the ſplendor of whoſe admired vertues, their hypocriticall ſhewes of fained pietie are eclipſed.

For, as the Sunne obſcures all leſſer Lights,
So Vertues luſtre dampes all Enuies ſleights.

Finally, if you but daigne to ſhew a fauourable aſpect vpon theſe Orphan-Lines, I will neyther feare the diſtaſte of the *Cinick*, nor the ſole conceite of the *Cenſorious*: for although many carpes are expected when curious eyes come a-fiſhing, yet our patience ſhall ſuppe vp, and make roome for better ſeruices, when *Zo-ilus* with his barkings, or *Momus* with his detractions, waites to ſerue the Table: meane while proſtituting theſe rude Lines to the ſole approbation of your iudicious Cenſures, and my ſelfe to your Seruice, I reſt

Yours humbly deuoted,

ROBERT NAILE.

To the Christian Reader Health.

MOst gentle READER (here behold) I proffer vnto thee
The Prentice Mitte, though simply dight: accepted let it be:
Expect not heare refined phraſe in theſe my Verſe I ſing,
My Muſe hath neuer dranke as yet of the Caſtalian Spring;
Nor ſeene Parnaſſus lofty pride (as Poets now adayes)
Who by vnequalized workes haue wonne immortall prayſe.
No ſelfe-conceite of learned skill, nor yet deſire of prayſe
Hath now inforc'd my barren Muſe, from ſilent ſleepe to raiſe
Her artleſſe penne, to write this Theame, the which the Muſes nine
To blaze their fame and worthy name, ſhall all in one combine,
Here ſhalt thou finde the ſimple truth, though clad in poore array,
Which will not bluſh to ſhew her face when falſhoode ſhall decay.
Here maiſt thou ſee that pearle of price (true Loyaltie, I meane)
With heart and hand by Briſtoll-men preſented to their Queene.
A worthy ſubiect is my taske, if that my ſlender skill
Could counteruaile the worth thereof according to my will:
To courteous Readers who by chance ſhall theſe my Lines peruſe,
My Prentice yeares, and want of age, will want of Art excuſe:
But for the ſcandalizing ſort I paſſe them not a ſtraw,
Who, like the Spider, poyſon ſucke, whence Bees their hony draw:

Which

To the Reader.

Which carping Curs of Momus *kinde to* Æsops *Dog I like,*
Who would not eate the Hay, nor let the Horse to taste a bite:
But to the partiall Readers hands these lines I recommend,
The Maiden fruits of all my workes, as to my speciall friend;
Accept it therefore in good part, I humbly thee require,
Which if thou grant, I haue obtain'd the summe of my desire.

ROBERT NAILE.

To

To the Author, and his Booke.

FRom hidden Embers of obſcuritie
The glorious Lampe of light moſt clearely ſhines,
Whoſe ſplendor bright ſhall ſtill admired be
By the ſuruiuors of ſucceeding times,
Such loyall hearts adioyned with true loue,
Inſpired by the God of heauen aboue.

Whoſe worthy vertues are by thee diſplaid,
And truely penn'd; for truth no painting ſeekes,
Nor Poets skill doth ſhee implore for ayde;
But for her badge *Simplicitie* ſhe keepes,
For euermore ſhe doth deſire the light,
Triumphing feareleſſe ouer Enuies ſpight.

Hence *Greeks* and *Romaines* with your painted ſtiles,
And glorious ſhewes of former triumphs wonne:
For *Briſtoll* hath out-ſtript your fame the whiles,
Whoſe prayſe immortall ſhineth as the Sunne,
The truth hereof we with our eyes haue ſeene,
In entertainment of our gracious Queene.

IOHN PAYNE.

THE QVEENES
Maiesties Entertainement
at BRISTOLL.

IF auncient Records of renowne vnto our yeeres declare
What deedes by our fore-fathers times, of old atchieued were;
If they for vs such care haue had, that their successors be,
By writing of their famous acts, that we the same might see:
Shall wee to our suruiuors then our selues ingratefull proue,
By not recording things which may succeeding ages moue
In imitation of the like, to get a glorious name;
And to enroll themselues in Bookes of neuer-dying fame?
The monuments so much renown'd that mighty Monarches reare,
Piramids and *Colosso's* great doe moulder downe and weare
In tract of time; so that no forme nor fashion they retaine,
Whereby the Passengers may say, Here once they did remaine:
But vertuous deedes, which by the Muse preserued are for aye,
Shall still abide when date of these is passed cleane away:
For vertues fame immortall is, and neuer shall it dye,
Though vnder ground, consum'd to dust, a thousand yeares we lye.
Great *Peleus* Sonne, by *Hectors* death, had neuer famous beene,
Had *Homer* grac'd him not with his immortalizing penne.
Shall I let sleepe in silence then what these mine eyes haue seene,
Bristols renowned prayse, set forth in welcomming our *Queene*?
The graue and auncient Counsell first, in gownes of Scarlet dye,
Attended on (each by a Page) did ride triumphantly,
With foot-cloaths were their Horses deckt; no cost they thought too much
For to expresse their willing hearts, their loue to her was such,

To *Briſtols* vtmoſt auncient bounds, marcht on this gallant Traine,
To meete her *Grace*, for whoſe approach, with ioy they did remaine:
Next after them the Companies, each after their degree,
With ioyfull hearts, marcht on to meete her *Gracious Maieſtie*.
Simile. Like as the drie and thirſtie ground, by *Phœbus* burning dart,
With extreame heate, for long time vext, and pierced to the hart,
With yawning throate, wide gaping ſeemes, the moiſty clouds to call,
That with their watry drops they would into her boſome fall,
Thereby to coole her thirſty throate, and arme her breaſt ſo well,
That *Phœbus* ſtinging darts ſhe may with moiſture colde expell:
Euen ſo all ſorts, both olde and yong, with hearts and voyce did craue
The wiſned preſence of her *Grace* in compleate ioy to haue.
And laſt of all, though laſt, not leaſt, chiefe ſubiect of my Verſe,
Three bands there were, whoſe worthy praiſe my Muſe cannot reherſe;
The firſt in white and violet clad, the ſecond blacke and white,
The third with white and ſcarlet was, in martiall order dight:
But leaſt that curious carping fooles, obiecting, thus may ſay,
Renowned valour ſeldome lurkes, where is apparrell gay.
(I anſwere them) Nay, this hath beene by flying fame enroll'd,
That *Briſtoll* Bands in all attempts, haue beene of courage bolde:
For as to pleaſe her Princely ſight, they ſpared not their goods;
Like ſo, for to protect her *Grace*, they will not ſpare their bloods.
The hardy Pilot neuer is, but in a ſtorme, deſcride:
The perfect gold not known from braſſe, but when by touch-ſtone tride
Euen ſo, when ſtorms ſhall threaten wrack, and bluſtring billowes beate,
Then ſhall appeare, and not till then, where is true valours ſeate.
But haſte, my Muſe, for too-too long the time thou haſt delaid;
To bad men, more will not ſuffice; to good enough is ſaid.
No ſooner did her *Graces* Traine approach our Cities bound,
And that her Harold gan draw neere, with blaſt of Trumpets ſound,
Submiſſiue proſtrate on his knees, the Mayor then fell downe,
And the Recorder by his ſide, a man of great renowne,
With graue aſpect and perfect voyce, his ſilence then he brake,
Theſe words vnto her *Princely Grace*, or not vnlike, he ſpake.

The Oration to her Maieſtie.

THE rareſt Iemmes, that mortall men, to Princes can impart,
(Renowned Lady) *true Loue is, proceeding from the hart:*
This is the gift that God requires, this is the perfect band,
The ſeale that reunites the force and ſinewes of our Land;
This Briſtols *Iemme, ſet clearely forth, in euery ſubiect true,*
On whom your Grace *ſhall bend your face, or daigne to take a view,*
Proſtrates it ſelfe in lowly wiſe vnto your Graces *ſight,*
To ſerue our Soueraigne King *and* Queene, *with all our force and (might.*
Briſtoll *a Citie of renowne, hath neuer traitor beene*
To Soueraigne Rule, or Regall Raigne; or falſe to King *or* Queene,
VVith thankfulneſſe recordeth ſtill full many a fauour great
Inioy'd by famous Kings *and* Queenes *that ruled* Englands *ſeate:*
But to your gracious Maieſtie, *as to our Soueraigne ſweet,*
For preſeruation of our weale, we render praiſes meet;
Our liberties by you preſerv'd, and many other things;
You are the fruitful root from whence our hopeful branches ſprings
Ingratefull ſhould we then be thought, and iuſtly be condemned,
For pretermitting dutie bound, vnto your Grace *deſcended*
From auncient Chriſtian Kings, *adorn'd with outward graces, bleſt*
With inward Princely vertues rare, which farre ſurpaſſe the reſt:
VVith Royall Imps bleſt from aboue, to raigne and rule this Land,
As long (we hope) as Sunne and Moone, in Firmament ſhall ſtand.
Yet this reſpect of Princely guifts could not our Citie moue
For to inuite your Maieſtie; *was it for want of loue?*
Farre be it from their loyall hearts! nay, rather did they feare
Too meane for ſuch a Princely Gueſt, *your entertainment here*
Expected, ſhould approue it ſelfe, vnto their griefe of minde,
VVhen as your Princely Grace *the ſame ſhould inſufficient finde.*

But now with double bands of loue indebted to your Grace,
Wee finde our ſelues moſt ſtrictly bound, ſince that vnto this place
(Of your accord and Princely loue) you haue approched neare,
To make our Citie by this meanes more famous to appeare:
Moſt humble thankes I yeeld therefore, vnto your Maieſtie,
In name of all theſe Citizens, whoſe ſeruice till they dye
Deuoted is vnto your Grace, *as to their Soueraigne good,*
Not fearing (if occaſion were) to ſeale it with their blood:
Requiring pardon of your Grace *for what amiſſe you finde,*
Imputing it not to neglect, but to the want of time:
Accepting this our token ſmall, a pledge of louing hearts,
Who will continue ſubiects true vntill their liues depart;
Treading the ſteps of Princes great, as by records we finde,
Who neuer did reſpect ſo much the gift as giuers minde.
This done, Briſtoll, *which to our ioy and great content hath beene*
For euermore accounted ſtill the Chamber of the Queene
Of England, *is and euer will, as yet hath beene to fore,* (*more.*
Vnto Queene ANNE, *our gracious* Queene, *much bound for euer-*
And I this Cities worthleſſe mouth, which taſted haue full oft
Your Princely fauours bountifull, on me beſtow'd for nought
Of worthineſſe in mee you found, for which I will intreate,
For you and all your Royall Traine, vnto the Mercy-ſeate
Of God, that he may bleſſe you ſtill, and ſend you long to raigne
Vnto his glory and our good, the truth for to maintaine.

The end of the Oration.

THe graue Recorder hauing then concluded this his ſpeech,
The Mayor he his Preſent gaue, and did her *Grace* beſeech
For to accept it in good part, as pledge of their good will,
Which to her Soueraigne Maieſtie they would continue ſtill;
A rich imbrodered Purſe it was, moſt ſumptuous to behold
In outward ſhew, the in-ſide was cramm'd full of maſſie gold.

In

In gracious wiſe the *Queene* receiu'd the preſent he her gaue,
And render'd thankes, more thankes then they of her could wiſh or (craue
And laſtly, all the Magiſtrates in order paſſing by,
With reuerence did (as dutie bound) ſalute her *Maieſtie*.
When ſhe had paſſed thus along vnto the Citie gate,
Attended on by great and ſmall, and many a noble ſtate,
There firſt her eyes beheld what earſt her heart could not conceiue,
Through ſodaine admiration rapt, ſcarce could ſhe credit giue
Vnto her ſight; for ſince ſhe firſt ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Such braue couragious hardy men, at once, ſhe neuer found.
Admiring at this ſodaine ſight, ſhe viewes theſe martiall Bands,
How each in his aſſigned place, in order firmely ſtands
On eyther ſide of *Briſtoll* ſtreetes firme ioyned like a wall
To guard her *Grace* vnto the Court, leſt ought might her befall
Through raſhneſſe of the multitude, which might her grace annoy,
By preſſing on for to behold, their loue, their life, their ioy.
Firſt ſtood a rancke of hardy Pikes, much like a thorny Wood:
Next after them the nimble Shot in order ready ſtood.
Here waues the Ancients in the winde, there ſtands the Fife and drum,
Attending when her Maieſtie would through their ſquadrons come:
All to their Captaines Colours were with ſcarfes and feathers bright
Adorn'd, not wanting ought was fit to pleaſe her Princely ſight.
Each man for Martiall diſcipline doth a Commander ſeeme,
As though in warres from tender yeeres, they exercis'd had beene.
Like ſome great Princeſſe who intends to purchaſe Iewels rare, Simile
Which by ſome forraigne Ieweller to her preſented are:
Firſt, through his Casket doth ſhe looke, with curious ſearching eye,
Where ſhe may to her hearts content ſome precious Iemme deſcry:
The firſt ſhe ſets her hands vpon ſeemes glorious in her ſight,
A ſecond doth more better pleaſe her curious appetite:
The third anone ſhe doth behold, which doth the reſt excell,
So that each latter choyſe doth ſeeme the former to refell.
That quite confounded in her mind, ſhe knowes not which to chuſe,
But ſtill ſhee thinkes ſhe takes the worſt, and doth the beſt refuſe:
Euen ſo our gracious ſoueraigne *Queene*, as through the ſtreet ſhe paſt
Each ſeuerall obiect pleas'd her well whereon her eyes ſhe caſt,

But as amidſt theſe armed Troopes, ſhe paſſing forward went,
Each Martialiſt vnto her view, did ſeeme more excellent:
So that, proteſting, thus ſhe did vnto her *Nobles* ſay,
Braue *Briſtoll*-men from all the Land, hath borne the price away.
For this their famous enterpriſe their credit I will raiſe,
Renowned Fame ſhall ſpread their name, and glory ſound their praiſe.
No thundring ſhot nor ratling drums, throughout the ſtreets were herd
Whiles that her *Grace* to Court-ward went, moſt ſtrictly was obſerued
The Proclamation former made, wherein did plaine appeare
The reuerend Counſels Prouidence, the Souldiers Loue and feare:
But when ſhe was conducted ſafe, with all her Noble traine,
Vnto her Royall Court, whereas with ioy ſhe did remaine,
And in her Preſence-chamber plac'd, there for to take a view
Of all the Royall paſtimes made by this braue Martiall Crew,
Who marcht along on *Briſtols* Key, with Enſignes braue diſplaid:
And oppoſite againſt the Court each Band in order ſtaid,
Expecting when by ſound of Drumme they ſhould commanded be
For to diſcharge their ratling Shot before her *Maieſtie*.
Thus ready ranged ſtood theſe Bands, expecting nought but time,
That temporizing ſpace (I meane) wherewith we muſt refine
Our outward acts, and all our deeds, whereby we ſhall be tride
As perfect gold which in the fire is ſeauen-times purified.
Had *Hanibal* of *Carthage* knowne what triumph great he loſt
By times neglect, when he had ſlaine the mightie *Romaine* hoſt,
If he forth-with had marcht to *Rome* with his victorious bands,
Romes lofty pride no doubt had ſtoop'd to his vnconquered hands:
But when (preuented by report) hee came too late to ſpeede,
An anſwere fit he then receiu'd for this his ſloathfull deede;
O Hanibal, *full well thou knoweſt a victory to get,*
But how to vſe it once obtain'd, thou haſt not learned yet.
Muſicke with time, as natiue twinnes, afford ſweet harmonie,
Arions Harp (time not obſeru'd) reſounds harſh melodie.
Each hearb and plant, each fruitfull tree their times appointed know:
A time there is for Husbandmen to reape, a time to ſow;
Therefore I ſay attend on time while time attends on thee:
For time once loſt, for gold nor gaine cannot attained be.

This

Entertainment at Briſtoll.

This precious Iewell *Time* (I ſay) did theſe our Troopes attend,
That their fore-ſight no ſlanderous tongues in ought might diſcōmend
But vvhen at length (by tokens made) was time conuenient found,
Two thundering Peales of ſhot were heard, which ſeem'd to ſhake the ground:
And next, for halfe an houres ſpace, the roaring Cannons cry;
With fiery ſmoake did ſeem to choake, and quench bright *Phœbus* eye.
The ayrie Regions were inflam'd, as if that *Phaëton*
(As Poets faine) had rul'd againe the Chariot of the Sunne.
But when the Cannons were diſcharg'd, and that the skies waxt cleare,
And *Phœbus* with his gliſtering beames gan brightly to appeare,
A ioyfull ſhout by thouſands made, which thither did repayre,
In token of contented ioy, reſounded in the ayre.
The Bels moſt ioyfully did ring, with Muſickes ſimphony,
And ſtill theſe words (*God ſaue our Queene*) re-ecchoed in the skie.
In auncient Writers doe I finde when (*Romes* rare pearle of price)
Pompey was choſen chiefe of Seas, by Senators aduiee,
Thence to expell the royſterous rout of brauing Pirates might,
Such was his fame through triumphes wonne in all the *Romaines* ſight,
That all applauding his renowne with clamorous ſhouts and cryes,
So did they pierce the thin vaſt ayre extant beneath the skies,
With horrid noyſe, that flying Fowles, amazed, fell to ground
Through great aſtoniſhment and feare of this their thundering ſound.
Much more ſhould we doe for our *Queene*, inflam'd with ardent loue
Of her attractiue vertues rare, proceeding from aboue,
And for *King Iames* our Soueraignes ſake, whom God preſerue & keep
From all deteſted treacheries, both waking and aſleepe:
For he our *Albion Theſius* true, hath curb'd our enemie,
Romes Minotaure, a reſtleſſe foe to *Britaines* Progenie.
Nay, mighty *Ione*, in mercy great, hath clos'd this monſters Iawes
From hurting of his *Daniel* deare; or tearing with his Pawes
The holy Saints and Martyres all, whoſe bloud did oft imbrew
This Monſters blacke bloud-thirſty throate (which innocents he ſlew)
But now (thankes be to God therefore) we are eſcaped free,
By our moſt gracious Soueraigne *King*, from this our miſery,
Who rules vs with moſt gentle loue, from all oppreſſions free,
Defending vs by peace, from ſtrife, and former tyranny.

Licurgus

Licurgus-like with *Argus* eyes he doth preſcribe his lawes,
To free poore *Codrus* innocence from *Craſus* greedy iawes:
To all his friends, he ſuccour ſends which are oppreſt by might:
Protecting *Irus* from his foes, and doth maintaine his right,
When glorious *Titan* diues in weſt, and hides him from our eyes,
For to enlight the darkſome night, pale *Cinthia* doth a riſe,
Like ſo bright *Soll* declin'd with vs, when by Impartiall death,
The vitall thred was cut in twaine of *Queene Elizabeth:*
Yet did no dusky night ſucceed, for in *Elizaes* roome,
As from the *Phœnix* aſhes doth another *Phœnix* come:
For why, no ſooner *Brittain* had her former bright eye loſt,
But ſtraight another did begin to ſhine from Northeren coſt,
With hands vpheld, may we therefore giue thankes vnto our God,
Who like a father did forbeare, to ſtrike vs with his rod.
Sending to vs in mercy great, ſuch an *Athenian King*,
Whoſe learned fame and Pietie, throughout the world doth ring:
Another *Cicero* for wit and learned *Eloquence*,
A valiant *Cæſer* bountifull, for rare Magnificence:
For to conclude, he doth maintaine Gods true and perfect word,
Which cutteth ſinne from off our ſoules, as a two-edged ſword:
But ſoft my Muſe, attempt thou not ſo high an enterpriſe,
His vertues rare for to behold doth daze thy tender eyes,
So great a taske ſhall reſt for men of moſt approued praiſe,
As none but *Eagles* fixe their eyes on *Solls* reſplendant rayes:
The Souldiers hauing thus with ioy, this firſt dayes triumph done,
Which did delight her graces ſight and all that look'd there on:
Returning backe before the Court, each band in good aray, (away.
With thundering ſhot their leaues they tooke, and homewards marcht

Thus did her graces Court excell, with great renowne and fame,
Where thouſands for to ſee her face, to *Briſtoll* flocking came:
Whereas her *Gracious Maieſtie*, their kindneſſe to requite,
In open view her ſelfe did ſhew to all the peoples ſight.

It weare too long for to rehearſe, the braue paſtime and ſport,
Which by the Citizens were made, for to delight her Court,
Their loue by proffered ſeruice ſhewen to guard her *Maieſtie*,
But mine intent is to conclude each thing with breuity:

And

And for to imitate aright, in this the curious Sunne, Simile.
Who doth intend for her delight a Noſegay ſweet to frame:
Shee crops not rudely of thoſe hearbes, on which ſhe ſeaſeth firſt,
But doth ſelect the rareſt ſort, reiecting thoſe are worſt,
Like ſo few words will beautifie what doth from truth proceed,
For too much matter Pell-mell mixt, doth a confuſion breed.
Wiſe *Caliepie*, *Queene* of Eloquence, aſſiſt my ſtammering tongue
To finiſh this triumphant ſhew, which now I haue begun:
Leſt that my Muſe, for want of aide vnder her burden fall,
As Vines vnpropped oftentimes vpon the ground doe crall.
No ſooner had ſwift *Phœbus* ſteeds, beganne their courſe to runne, Sunday
Shining with moſt reſplendant rayes vpon our *Horriſon*,
But that each Souldier did prepare, to guard her *Maieſtie*
Vnto the temple of the *Lord* with great ſolemnity:
Not clad in armes as earſt they weare, with thundering ſhot that ror'd,
But with good harts to ſanctifie, the ſabboth of the Lord,
Who hath ſixe dayes allotted vs to purchaſe worldly wealth,
The ſeauenth alone he hath reſeru'd, for good of our ſoules health:
That we this day might praiſe his name and reſt our ſelues from ſinne,
As God did reſt when he had made the world and all therein:
Quite from the Court vnto the Church this worthy guard was ſeene,
In ranckes cloſe ſtanding one by one, to ſafe conduct the *Queene*,
But when the *Mayor* graue and wiſe, in moſt triumphant ſort,
With all the reuerend Councell came on foote vnto the Court:
In ſeemely wiſe attired all with gownes of Scarlet dye,
For to attend vnto the Church her gracious *Maieſtie*,
Who mounted like faire *Cinthia* bright, into her ſumptuous *Coach*,
Drawen by foure milke-white courſers braue, and next her did ap-
The *Ladies* on their trampling ſteeds, like faire *Diana's* traine, (proach
Hunting in the *Arcadian* woods, (as doe the *Poets* faine.)
Formoſt of all in their degrees, vnto the Church did goe,
The reuerend *Senate*, two and two, all marching on a row:
Laſtly on foote (before her grace with all her *Noble* traine,
Of *Lords* and *Knights*) into the Church the worthy *Mayor* came,
The *Queene* then ſet in chaire of ſtate with all the reſidue
(In their degrees) the *Mayor* and *Shriefes*, and the *Nobilitie*,

Where learned *Doctor* ROBSON did, a godly Sermon frame,
In setting forth Gods mighty workes, and lauding of his name,
Which Sermon being finished, she backe return'd to Court,
Guarded along from Church againe, in most triumphant sort.
The reuerend *Mayor* and the *Shriefes* their loue for to expresse,
Did feast with most delitious cheare, and dainties numberlesse
Her *Noble* traine; who did admire, as though Earth, Ayre, and Sea,
Withall their dainties had conspir'd, *Bristoll* to dignifie,
Whose true affection to her Prince, and peereleſſe Progenie,
Doth rest vnparagond, as yet, vnto posterity,
With their true loue set forth in part, before the worlds bright eye,
Their hearts, their hands, their life, their lands, to please her *Maiestie*:
And to content her Princely grace, shall euermore be prest,
For whose most heauenly guifts diuine we from aboue are blest
By mighty *Ioue*, who through his loue, hath sent vs such a *King*,
That turnes our blustring winters blasts into a gladsome spring.
Deere mother *England*, with salt teares bend thou thine aged knee,
And render thankes vnto thy God, who hath deliuered thee,
When most vndoubted was thy feare, then did he comfort bring,
Shrouding thee safe from Tigers pawes with his all-couering wing:
For what a terrour had it beene, vnto thine heart to see
Through sodaine strife, thy streetes exempt from popularity,
When children fatherlesse each where, should in the streetes be found,
Thy fathers childlesse sighing sore, and in deepe dolours drown'd,
Thy trusty friends bereau'd of life, sisters rapt from the brother,
No kinsman left for to lament or to inter each other,
Thy Virgins bath'd in teares thy youth amaz'd themselues to see,
Through griefe of heart bereft of strength and of validity:
Thy lofty towers tumbled downe, as in the *Romains* ire,
Ierusalem was brought to ground, by famine, sword, and fire?
But since that God hath now vouchsaft, not for our merits sake,
But of his mercy and great loue, these iudgments iust to take
From vs, who haue by sinne deserued to taste the bitter cup,
Fild with the dregges of Gods iust wrath, and for to drinke it vp:
Let vs giue thankes to God therefore, that nought but thankes doth
Who hath vs rais'd from death to life, as *Lazarus* from graue, (craue,

Continuing

Continuing ſtill vnto our ioy, the perfect Lampe of light,
His ſacred word, our ſpirituall food, and heauenly ſoules delight.
Now bloudy *Mars* is tied in chaines with fierce *Bellena* bound,
His armes and *Adamantine* coate, lies ruſting on the ground:
Grizely *Thanattos* who did ſtill his gaſtly ſteps attend,
Hath loſt his ſtinging force and might, (by bondage of his friend:)
Harſh diſcord thirſting after bloud, with ſweet concord is drown'd,
Whiles peace with plenty in our ſtreetes doth euery where abound:
Now may the Lambes ſecurely feed, from Wolfe, and Tigers clawes,
Since *Pan* our watchfull Shepheard hath ſhut vp theſe monſters iawes,
For all theſe benefits therefore receiued by our *King*,
We will expreſſe our thankfulneſſe and loue, (wee owe to him
And to his royall Progeny) vnto our Soueraigne *Queene*,
Whoſe like throughout the worlds vaſt bounds cannot againe be ſeene.
But ſoft my Muſe, let Ancors fall, ſtrike ſailes, thy ſwift courſe ſtay,
Welcome to ſhore, remember that this is a Sabboth day:
What twixt *Enterpes* mirth and ſad *Melpemens* tragicke ſtile,
(Thy ſences luld) thou hadſt almoſt ſpleeted thy barke ere-while
Vpon the rocke *Oblivion* cal'd: moreouer harke giue eare,
Mundayes triumph implores thine ayde to make his fame appeare:
Varietie and change doth beſt content mans appetite,
Each obiect faire ſeemes fowle if ſtill preſented to our ſight,
Sweet *Orpheus* muſicke cloyes our eares, if that it common be,
Our nature is ſo apt and prone to mutability:
By good aduice therefore it was prouided that her *Grace*,
With all her traime might not diſlike their tarying in this place,
For euery day ſhee ſoiourn'd here, in moſt triumphant ſort
A ſeuerall paſtime was ordain'd, for to delight her Court,
And as at her firſt entrance here ſhe did with ioy behold,
A martiall troupe of warlike men, of courage ſtout and bould:
Like ſo, for Mundaies paſtime was prepared for her ſight,
Betwixt two gallies and a ſhip, a bloudy water fight,
But yet a while I muſt looke backe, ere farther I proceede,
Leaſt that my Muſe ſhould taxed be for too too haſty ſpeede,
This water fight (by fame diuulg'd) full many a thouſand drew,
Both farre and neere for to behold, and take a perfect view,

Of Turkes and turkiſh gallies both, deſcrib'd in liuely wiſe,
By worthy *Brutes* who oft haue ſeene, their habit, forme, and guiſe:
Nay, many a Chriſtian Marchant man, hath too too often knowen,
(Though by conſtraint) to Chriſt his flocke their loue and kindneſſe
When with the loſſe of all their goods, (O barberous cruelty!) (ſhewen,
Theſe curſed Turkes (more deere then life) from them their liberty
With endles bondage haue reſtrain'd, for gally-ſlaues condemn'd,
There bound in chaines for to remaine till death their liues doth end:
We Chriſtians much more pitty ſhew, to dumbe and ſencles things
Then they to Chriſtians will afford (ſuch deadly rancour ſtings,
There cankered hearts with pride puſt vp, inflam'd with rage and Ire,
That nothing can aſwage their wrath, nor quench this burning fire,
But Chriſtian bloud by their curſt hands powred vpon the ground,
By Chriſt redeem'd, then when naught elſe ſufficient could be found,)
We for our Cattell houſes frame, againſt cold winters ſhowers,
Naked they row, when th'angry skies their ſtormy blaſts down powers:
We giue our cattell prouender, of ſundry ſorts of graine,
They ſcarſely bread and water giue, their liues for to maintaine, (force,
We doe not preſſe our beaſts with worke, beyond their ſtrength and
With reſtles rowing they oppreſſe their ſlaues without remorce,
And when they haue their vtmoſt done, their tiranizing Lords
Barbarian-like, torment their fleſh with ſcourging whips of cords:
For why, no words can ought auaile, neither can ſighes ſuffice
To mollifie their ſtony hearts, once bent to Tirannize.
Woe worth the ſinnes of Chriſtendome, which haue incenſt Gods ire,
In iudgments iuſt for to lay waſt, by famine, ſword, and fire,
Europe, his choſen Heritage, (which doth Chriſts name adore)
By letting in proud *Otteman*, that *Erimanthean Bore*,
Whoſe curſed race, hath rais'd their names by *Chriſtian Princes* fall,
While mongſt themſelues they diſagree'd through ciuill ſtrife & braule
Witneſſe the *Grætian Empire* loſt, by *Chriſtian Kings* neglect,
To theſe accurſed Infidels whiles each ſeemes to reſpect
Their ſeuerall diſcords and debates, not knowing that the flame
Once kindled in our neighbours houſe, will make vs feare the ſame.
Of all things which God did create, of Birds, Beaſts, Fiſh, and Fowle,
The Lord into mans face alone did breath a liuing ſoule,

That

That he which beares the forme of God imprinted in his face
Should frame himſelfe in heart thereto, as God hath giuen him grace:
But man corrupted at the firſt, by ſinne, through *Adams* fall,
Hath euer ſince a rebell beene, and proued worſt of all.
For why? each beaſt obſeruing kinde, his nature doth expreſſe:
But man the Lawes of God aboue, and Nature doth tranſgreſſe.
No Tiger ſeekes a Tigers bloud his greedy maw to fill,
In Natures Schoole this learn'd, they keepe inuiolable ſtill:
But man to mankinde often proues moſt cruell, fierce, and fell;
Yea, Chriſtians vnto Chriſtians are (I tremble for to tell)
As bad, nay, ſome more worſe then Turks; who through their ciuill broyles,
Preſent the Turkes occaſion fit to glory in their ſpoyles.
When Chriſtian Princes diſagree, and each 'gainſt other riſe,
Then doe the Turks with might and maine their ruine ſtraight deuiſe;
For how can wee expect good fruit where euill is the tree?
Or credit Turks, who mortall foes vnto all Chriſtians be?
Ye Chriſtian Kings and Potentates, ioyne both your hearts and hands
To chaſe this off-ſcumme *Scithian*-brood from you and all your lands.
Vnite your Forces Chriſtian like from *Europe* to expell
Proud *Ottoman*, too dangerous a neighbour neare to dwell:
Whoſe Moony Standards ſtill attend, expecting but a prey,
To ſatisfie their greedy luſts, impatient of delay.
Chriſt is the head of Chriſtendome, and we the members be,
Ioyned in one through faith in him, with perfect vnitie:
Euen as the members of a man, the head, the hands, the feete,
Each in his office doth his part, the body for to keepe
In perfect health: like ſo ſhould we yeeld helping hands to others,
Whom God hath made through faith in Chriſt, more near & dear then brothers.
When *Amphitrites* flowing waues began to fill their banks,
Full forty thouſand eyes at leaſt, expected when our ranckes
From Court-ward would conduct the *Queene* vnto the Riuers ſide,
For to behold by worthy *Brutes* this water-combat tride:
Who came accompanyed at length with all her noble Court;
The Mayor with the Councell roade, to ſhew her *Grace* this ſport.
One of the Bands in warlike wiſe marching triumphantly,
Guarded vnto the water ſide her gracious *Maieſtie*.

The other two on eyther ſide were of the Riuer plac'd,
Whoſe thundering Shot reſounding ſhrill, this famous triumph grac'd
Where placed in her Royall Tent, bedeckt with *Flora's* pride,
She did attend to ſee the end of this braue combat tride.
O that I could in theſe my verſe, to *Virgils* veyne aſpire,
That all enſuing ages might this glorious act admire,
Thereby to kindle in their breaſt a like deſire of fame,
By loyall tokens of their loue to equalize the ſame!
But ſince that wiſhes are but vaine, whereby to purchaſe skill,
My want of wealth in learning ſhall, and not my want of will,
Condemned be: therefore, my Muſe, feare not for to indite
This worthy triumph as it was perform'd in order right.
Formoſt of all an Engliſh Ship came ſtemming with the tyde,
And right before her *Graces* Tent at Anchor did ſhe ride,
Her Colours were the bloudy Croſſe (to *Britaines* foes well knowne)
A worthy Captaine was her guide, whoſe skilfull Art was ſhowne:
Her Souldiers braue reſolued hearts no danger could impaire.
Her Flags and lofty Pendants ſeem'd to beautifie the ayre:
But whiles at Anchor there they lay, they gan diſcry from farre
Two Turkiſh Gallies well prepar'd, moſt mighty men of warre:
They ſaw how cloſe they ply'd their Oares, to boord her if thy can,
Then euery mate begins to ſtirre, minding to play the man:
Each one betakes him to his Armes, to entertaine this gueſt.
In emulation which of them ſhould guard his Quarter beſt.
Some runneth here, ſome runneth there, all wants for to ſupply,
As hony Bees in Summer time, when *Phœbus* gins to fry:
Their fights hung forth, their Musket-ſhot, and Murderers each one
Were ready prim'd expecting nought but when the Turks would come
Whoſe Moony Standerds at the laſt, they plainely gan deſcry,
Full well prouided both for armes, and for artillery.
Their Admirall had all her men apparrelled in blew,
The other red, ſo neare they did reſemble Turkes in hew,
With Targs and Cemitaurs, ſo that had ſharpe ey'd *Licnus* ſeene,
He would haue iudged that theſe men Turks naturall had beene,
But when by ſwiftneſſe of their Oares they did approach them nigh,
Amaine, amaine, your top-ſailes ſtrike, theſe fained Turks did cry:

Oh

Entertainment at Briſtoll.

Oh! hoy! ſo! hoy! From whence your ſhip? Of *England*. Whither bound?
For *Briſtoll* port. What will yee yeeld, or elſe ſinke and be drown'd?
Wee'll fight it to the vtmoſt man, the Chriſtians did reply:
We had much rather loſe our liues then loſe our liberty.
Then did the Fife and Drummes beginne deaths fierce alarum ſound,
The thundring ſhot with horrid noyſe, did all things elſe confound:
But when with Musket-ſhot they had on each part done their beſt,
Their ſharpe-edg'd Cemitaurs they drew, for to performe the reſt.
At once both Gallies fell aboard (a Turkiſh ſtraragem)
Seeking by numbers to ſuppreſſe our neuer-daunted Men,
Who with like courage did ſuſtaine the fierce Barbarians force,
Confronting them with their bright ſwords: who without all remorſe,
Preſt on with might and maine. So that to the beholders eye,
Each 'gainſt their oppoſite did ſhew their vtmoſt crueltie.
Like as the waters whoſe ſwift courſe is ſtopped by a bay,
Which though not long, yet for a while, their fury doth delay,
Till re-vniting of their force, they caſt it to the ground,
So that no mention of the ſame remaineth to be found:
Euen ſo theſe Turkes were for a while repulſed with diſgrace
By Chriſtians, till their numbers fail'd for to ſupply each place:
Whereas the Turkes on all parts did their victory beginne,
Though not by valour yet by force their chiefeſt hope to winne.
On eyther part no ſlackneſſe found, but each man firmely ſtood.
That *Amphitrites* ſiluer waues were ſtain'd with crimſon blood.
This fight ſo brauely was maintain'd, that winged *Victory*
Now on the Chriſtians, then on Turkes, did looke impartially.
The Bands which by the Riuer ſtood, on each ſide did their beſt,
With thundring ſhot to aide their friends, by numbers thus oppreſt.
Meane whiles the Turks with high applauſe their victory purſu'd,
Longing to ſee their Turkiſh blades with Chriſtian bloud imbru'd.
But truſt who liſt (vntill deceiu'd) *Fortunes* inconſtant chance,
Which mighty Monarches caſteth downe, and meaner doth aduance:
When greateſt hope of good ſucceſſe, when health and wealth is higheſt
Then wofull wracke, diſeaſe, and want, with griefe approcheth nigheſt.
For whiles vpon theſe Turkes attempts ſhe ſweetly ſeem'd to ſmile,
Bending her browes, ſhe turnes her face, intending greateſt guile.

The

The Chriſtians well perceiuing that their forces nought auail'd
To daunt theſe proud inſulting Turkes which fiercely them aſſail'd,
With fained feare retyring backe, they chaſt them cleane away,
(By fiery force) depriu'd of this their miſconceiued prey.
Like as the greedy rauening Wolfe, with pinching hunger preſt,
Leauing the Woods, through hils and dales, diſdaining quiet reſt,
He feareleſſe rangeth vp and downe, not ceaſing till he finde
The harmeleſſe flocke of tender Lambes, the obiect of his minde:
Where ready preſt to ſeize vpon his long deſired pray,
And ſatisfie his greedy luſt, impatient of delay,
The Maſtiue dog purſues his theft, whom haſtily he flyes,
Amaz'd with feare, being diſpoſſeſt of this his wiſhed priſe:
Euen ſo theſe Turkes prouokt by thirſt of honour and renowne,
Striuing for to adorne their heads with a victorious crowne:
Whoſe Laurell Branches (*Fames* deſert) are not by cowards gain'd,
But by true valiant noble hearts with ſweaty browes obtain'd.
When that they thought all dangers paſt, which might themſelues op-
To their deſignes, then were they made a ſpoile vnto their foes: (poſe
For oft-times when we glory moſt in Sun-ſhine of delights,
Then Winter ſtormes our ioyfull courſe with ſharpe affliction bites,
Some of theſe Turkes incenſt with rage, not fearing this miſchance,
Were mounted vp into the ſhrowdes, their prowеſſe to aduance,
Where thirſting for to win renowne, with all their force and might,
Againſt the fury of their foes maintain'd an eager fight:
But when their fortune once declin'd, the Chriſtians they forſooke,
Leaping into the Briniſh waues, and ſo their Gallies tooke:
But yet theſe drops that cool'd their heate, quench'd not the burning
Of fierce reuenge for their diſgrace, but more inflam'd their Ire, (fire
And wrathfull rage: remembring that how much more hard the paine,
So much more excellent ſhall be the triumph they obtaine.
Thus arm'd with hope, (for hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallows wings,
Of mighty Monarches it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings,)
The ſecond time they did attempt, although vnto their coſt,
To re-obtaine from Chriſtians hands, their former honour loſt.
Then might you ſee the fiery bals like Comets blazing bright,
The dusky ſmoke of powdered ſhot, which dim'd and daz'd their ſight.

The moony Targs aduanc'd on high from harme to guard their heads
The Chriſtians valour in defence, which nought their fury dreads:
The fierce aſpect on eyther part ſufficient to affright
And terrifie great *Mars* himſelfe, the dauntleſſe God of fight.
For to conclude, they came aboord, where entertain'd they were
By theſe braue Brutes, with Martiall ſtroakes, vntill the former ſnare
Once more had diſpoſſeſt their hope the victory to winne;
Conſtrayning them (to get aboord their Gallyes) backe to ſwimme.
Amidſt their fight one of theſe Turkes, thirſting to get renowne,
Ere that the Chriſtians him deſcri'd, had tooke their Colours downe.
Wherewith vnto the Bowſpret got, he leapt into the maine,
And tooke his Gally with triumph of this his glorious gaine.
The valiant heart which once hath felt the vtmoſt force and might
Of enuious Fortune, courage takes, and thriues in her deſpight,
That by his reſolution bold he doth abate her ire,
Who ſought to worke his ouer-throw by famine, ſword, or fire:
Euen ſo theſe Chriſtians hauing once repulſt this furious foe,
Whoſe firſt aſſault might ſeeme to threat their wrack, & dreadfull woe,
Their valiant hearts were more inflam'd by Turkes diſgracefull foyle,
Hoping their Trophyes for to raiſe by thoſe Barbarians ſpoyle,
Who foure times twiſe did boord their ſhip, with lofty ſhouts and cryes,
And foure times twice they were repulſt from this their wiſhed priſe.
So that through feare diſcouraged, they tooke themſelues to flight,
And left ſome of their braue conſorts by Chriſtians tooke in fight,
Which captiues brought before her *Grace*, on bended knees did craue
For mercy, which her *Maieſtie* with pardon freely gaue.
Loe here behold by this triumph, as in a mirror plaine,
How mighty *Ioue* againſt all foes our quarrell doth maintaine,
Confounding all their priuie plots, and cloſe Conſpiracies,
Who for to vndermine our ſtate, againſt vs doe ariſe.
Their vaine attempts and boundles thoughts, he turnes to their decay
Entrapped in the ſelfe-ſame ſnare, they did for others lay,
For God which bounds the raging Seas, hath bounded their deſire:
And turns to ſmoke their proud attempts wherto their thoughts aſpire.
This braue exploite thus finiſhed, the *Queene* with all her traine
Attending on, her Princely *Grace*, to Court return'd againe.

By which time *Phœbus* gan to hide his Chariot in the Weſt,
And each thing liuing tooke themſelues vnto their wonted reſt.
But when that *Philomell* began her ſugred notes to ſing
At faire *Auroraes* firſt approach, which preſent comfort brings.
By chaſing hence the darkeſome night with her deluding dreames,
And bringing in the ioyfull light by *Sols* all-ſearching beames.
When euery man with ioyfull heart, his ſleepy bed forſakes,
And to his daily labours eke, himſelfe againe betakes:
The vtmoſt date expired was vpon this preſent day,
Of our moſt gracious *Queenes* abode in *Briſtoll* for to ſtay.
Wherefore the reuerend Counſell came vnto her Princely Court,
For to attend her *Maieſtie*, prepar'd in ſeemely ſort:
Where as our *Queene* moſt graciouſly vouchſaf'd to thanke them all,
Both Mayor, Sheriffes and Aldermen, who on their knees did fall,
And humbly kiſt her Royall hand, ſuch fauour did ſhe ſhew,
And loue, for loue, which to her *Grace*, in dutie, they did owe.
And furthermore, for to expreſſe her loue to loyall hearts,
And bounty by rewarding all according to deſerts,
A Ring with Diamonds beſet, moſt graciouſly ſhe ſent
Vnto the Mayor as a pledge of her moſt kinde intent,
In ought ſhe might for *Briſtols* good, in rightfull cauſe obtaine,
By ſuite prefer'd vnto *King* IAMES our gracious Soueraigne.
Such tender loue hath now poſſeſt her *Graces* Princely breaſt,
That ſhe for *Briſtols* weale will be for euer ready preſt:
For as the fixed Stars moue not within the Firmament,
So loue by vertuous deedes obtain'd is alwayes permanent.
In ſolemne wiſe her farewell tooke, through *Briſtoll* ſtreetes ſhe paſt,
Where (as at her firſt entrance here) a worthy guard was plac'd:
The Mayor, with the Councell graue, before her *Grace* did ride,
Her Courtly traine of worthy Peeres attended by her ſide.
The ſtreetes on eyther ſide were preſt with numbers infinite,
Who in her gracious countenance had fixed their delight:
Whoſe ioyfull hearts expreſſed were, when they beheld her face,
And with loud voyces did cry out, *The Lord preſerue your Grace!*
Thus roade they with her *Grace* as farre as *Briſtols* bounds extend,
Where this their ioyfull Iourney was compell'd to take an end.

In

Entertainment at Briſtoll.

In humble wiſe the Mayor then his lofty Steede forſooke,
And of her *Grace* on bended knees, proſtrate, his farewell tooke,
And all the reſt her Subiects true did ſeeme to change their cheare,
And mourne her abſence as the childe that loſeth parents deare.
The Martiall Bands in number three, by three braue peales of Shot
Expreſt their loue, that curſed hate might not their honour blot.
Thus haue you here impartially preſented to your view,
A patterne of moſt loyall hearts vnto their Soueraigne true,
Who not alone in hearts but hands, haue manifeſted plaine
Their loue vnto our gracious *Queene*, which Enuy cannot ſtaine,
Although that vertue ſeldome ſcapes, through Enuy, free from blame,
For why detraction will not ſpare to blot *Diana's* name:
Yet vertue by how much the more hid from the worlds bright eye,
By curſed hate, ſo much the more it mounteth vpon high,
Whoſe Roſe-bound head for her deſerts, ſhall gaine a glorious crowne;
Incompaſt with a three-fold Wreath, Loue, Honour and Renowne,
Therefore let Enuy fret and fume, and ſpit her poyſoned bane,
For vertuous deedes ſhall ſtill inioy a neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

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